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The Protector



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Chapter 1 by A_Merry_Kat

Sean kicked his feet up on the beat up wooden table in front of him, feeling the draft from the window run over his big bony feet. Sipping his Mountain Dew he hit the button to change the channel, nothing happened. With an irritated expression on his face he smacked the old remote on the arm of the rugged sofa he was laid back on... no effect. With a growl he threw the remote at the wrecked tv, which he regretted instantly. With a soft **pop** rainbows appeared on the screen... "whoops... that was new.. well, ha! Who am I kidding, as new as any trash in this shack, oh well.."

Sean turned his head to look at the ragged drapes covering the old window that lead to an alley, muttering, " five star New York view there... broken bottles, drunks, and shady junk..." His eyes started towards the peeling wooden door as he heard sounds from the hall. The door was ripped open, then abruptly slammed shut as a small red headed figure collapsed into a ball against it, shaking. Leaping up and running across the dark room to the teen he shouted, "Sabrina! What happened.. are you ok? What's wrong?!" The girl turned her head slightly, face hidden in shadow. "Oh, hey bro... why are you home early, don't you have that thi-" Sean towered over her, his chiseled face like cold like stone, green eyes beyond intense. "Who hurt you today Sabrina, I just want a name. Please, you have to tell me this time." Sabrina curled into

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anxious, Sean leaned down and gently took Sabrina's shoulder from behind, turning her to face him as he pulled her up. Her head was only at his chest height, Sean bent over and stared at the tear in her sweatshirt, and the soft red stain spreading from it. She grinned awkwardly, "guess they got me pretty good huh? HeheAck-" she coughed again, spraying drops of blood onto Sean's dirty t-shirt and collapsing into his arms. Sean's eyes were wide with anxiety and burned with rage at the same time. He caught his little sister gently but firmly as she slipped into his arms. Her blue eyes fluttered as she looked up at his burning green ones. "You won't-" she grimaced as blood coated her fine lips. "You won't- hurt- annnnnnNnnNnyone...rrrrRrrriiliight, bro-r-ro?.." Sean's eyes softened. "Of course not... please, don't talk, just rest." He shifted one of his arms so it was under her ragged jeans and delicate legs, scooping her gently. He carried her over to the couch, laying her down on the old tattered fabric. He gently slid his strong arms out from under her small frame, her eyes fluttered and closed. Sean gently stroked her cheek, pushing a sweaty tendrils of red hair off of her face. "Shhh... you just rest here, don't you worry." She would be fine, for now, he didn't have long. Lingered a moment to make sure she was asleep, he stood slowly. He reached beside the couch and picked up a thick blanket, draping it over Sabrina. Staring down at her, she was so small in his massive shadow, on the large couch... he didn't have time to waste. Eyes re-igniting, he strode for the door, grabbing his scythe on the way out. He was sick of these nobodies hurting his sister, and he was going to send them somewhere they would never bother his little angel again.

But he didn't have much time.

Maybe only a couple hours, Sabrina needs attention, he may have to go for help.

But he had to find these people.

"Better make this quick then."

Sean grasped the hilt of his scythe and strode out the door, locking it behind him.

Chapter 2 by R



He wasn't supposed to take his scythe for something like this. His boss was going to put him on probation for sure, but he couldn't just not do anything. This was Sabrina, his most darling sister, and anyone who even thought of hurting her deserved to pay.

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The trail was clear enough. It helped that Sabrina was easy to track, her soul so large and kind it marked everyone she passed. But it turned out her benevolence just made her a target to those - to those monsters.

He stood in the doorway of the bar where the three men stood. They had washed their hands of blood but he could see the staining on their souls. He gripped his scythe tightly and stepped forward.

Chapter 3 by Spirit



Rage ...

That was the only emotion I felt as I watched them. Their souls were filthy. He knew that he had promised not to hurt them, but that was not the only promise that he had broken before. They deserved to die. As a reaper, I knew that. I could feel when a soul is so worn down, so useless that it was better crossing to the next life. Or better yet captured and sold to a witch. These men didn't even deserve a passage to the afterlife, they only deserved death.

I slid my tongue along my lips as I stared at them. People started to notice me. The people sitting at the tables beside me. The bartender. Eventually, everyone was staring at me. It wasn't usual for a reaper to just walk into a bar. It was even more rare for a reaper to go somewhere and not kill someone.

I opened my mouth. My voice changed from a kind, brotherly voice to the voice of a messenger from hell. Which I was, in a way. My voice sounded like nails on a chalkboard, gravel sifting through a pit, a beasts roar, all mixed into one sound.

"I AM MORTEMER. UNDER MY OWN AUTHORITY AS A REAPER, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH."

I lunged forward, scythe flashing in the dim light of the bar.

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